A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

CHAPTER A-CONTINUED.

Beatrice was looking rather inquisitively at Frank, "What did you want the quota-tion for?" she asked,

tion for P she asked.

"For—something or enother—I forget now.
As soon as I am allowed to work my brain Pl try and remember."
"Don't trouble—I know. I mw the mis-

quotation last week." Frank shrugged his shoulders.
"Of course, you wrote the paper," contin-

You are provokingly acute, Miss Clau

"What did Frank write?" asked Horace, Bentree sin.ied. The felt she was now go emark about the 1 a.m.
"That paper in 1... Latterday Review or landowners' responsibilities," she said d

militarisense, Beatricel Frank commit have written that. Did you? continued Horsee, more doubtfully, seeing his guest manifested no horror at the accusation. "Years ladies should not read The Latterday," said Frank.

"Anonymous writers should not misquote," retoricd Beatrice.
"But did you write it, Frank!" asked Her-

The two brothers looked the picture of anx-The two brothers looked the picture of anxiety. Frank laughed.

"Miss Clauson is horribly acute," he said.
Therefore they all understood that Mr.
Carrethers was the author of the article in question, an article which, from the bold and original views it ventilated, had attracted a great deal of attention. Horace and Herbert looked achast.

"Frank," said the former in a solemn voice. "You must be a radical."

"You must," said the former in a solemn voice, "you must," said Herbert sorrowfully.

Even the respectable Whittaker, who had listened to the conversation, pulled a long face, and seemed to say to himself "he must be a radical." That his masters' cousin should so disgrace the family was very distraction.

tressing.
"Oh dear, no," said the culprit. "Pm not

"Oh dear, no," said the culprit, "Pm not—are you, Horncot"
This utter absurdity of the question made them all laugh. Hornco and Herbert thanked Heaven they were not radicals.

"But there are respectable radicals, are there not?" asked Frank innocently.

"A few," said Hornco. Bad as the truth was he was obliged to confess that there were one or two radicals of his acquaintance whose social notifior raised them, above consideration raised them, above consideration raised them. social position raised them above considera-tion of their political creed. It was a fault in what was otherwise a fairly well-organized world. It was a satisfaction to have Frank's word that he was not a radical. They told

him so gravely.
"I fancy Mr. Carruthers is a communist," said Beatrice mischievously, "Then my expressed opinion of your shrewd-

"But what are your views, Frank?" asked

Horace.
"I have none in particular. I am willing to be guided by the best authorities—yourselves, for instance. Tell me why you hate "They are so—so—un-English."

"Ah. Then I detest them. Now you know what I am. I am English. Are you English,

Hornes?"
They told him solemnly they hoped and be-lieved they were English to the backbone; but they told thems-lves they were English-men with insular excrescences rubbed off by

foreign travel. raid Frank, "it's a great thing to be English. Few people realize what it means. I do mest thoroughly."
"That's right," said Horsee. Inspite of the

landowner article, he was growing quite easy about his guest.
"I would pass a law," said Frank gravely, "making it penal for any Englishman to learn a word of a foreign tongue. Every time an English child conjugates a French or German

verb he retards the millennium."

"The millennium!" said Beatrice, astonished.

"Yes—my idea of the millennium—which is when the whole civilized world speaks English. If we could only converse in our own tongue, every nation would be forced to

learn it, and so hasten the happy day. Wherever the English language gets a good footing, it conquers," "Of course you speak only your own lan-guage?" said Beatrice. She was by now get-

"In my forested. my ignorance of what was right I

forget them, but I can't do so."
"Well, in what other way would you show
your pairiotism?" asked Horace, who was

"I would cling to every hit of foreign land we acquired, whether gained by force, fraud, purchase, or discovery. I wouldn't think whether it paid to keep it or not. It must benefit the original owners to become Angli-cised; and whatever place it is, it is sure to come in useful some day."

"No wonder you hate radicals," said Her-bert, approvingly.
"Well, what else," asked Beatrice. He had been for the most part addressing his remarks to her, so sho had a right to ask. "Lots more. But, as we are all so English,

let me ask you a question. Doesn's it some-times far upon your mind to think that we are obliged to anoint full-blooded Germans as our kings and queens! How much English blood has the prince in his veins?"

blood has the prince in his veins?"
That was a very startling question. The
Talberts immediately began to run down
the royal family tree. Frank took a piece of

"I'll show you by an illustration," he said. "You'll be frightened. Here's James the First," he pointed to the bread. "Here is his daughter Sophia," he cut the bread in half. "Here's George the First," he cut the bread again. "Here's George the Second," cutting again. "Here's George the Third," cutting again. "Here's Edward, Duke of Kent," cut-ting again. "Here's the Queen, God bless her!" cutting again. "Here's Albert Edward, cutting again. neaven preserve him!" He cut the broad for the last time, and sticking the tiny morsel that remained on a fork, gravely handed it

to Beatrice.
"It's a mortifying state of things, isn't it," he said, "for those who are so thoroughly English as ourselves! Don't you sympathise with the Jacobites, Miss Clauson!"

"I think you are talking rank treason," said Beatrice. She scarcely knew whother he was in ject or earnest. Perhaps he didn't

know himself.

The dinner proper was just over. Whittaker came in with the crumb brush and
swept away James I, and his descendants
through the female side. As soon as the
wine was placed on the table the door was
opened and little Harry trotted into the
room. He was allowed to make his appearance for a few minutes at this time
whenever there was no commany. The Tab whenever there was no company. The Tal-berts, remembering their theory, put up their eye glasses to note the paternal instinct

their guest might display.

"Halloo!" he cried, "another pleasant surprise." No doubt he meant to imply that
Miss Clauson's pressure at Hazlewood House

"Now, who is this?" he asked as the boy

"Now, who is this?" he a-ked as the boy ran to Heatrice's side. "Will be come to me? I am really fond of children."

Tempted by the irresistible bribe of grapes the boy trotted round the table. Frank picked him up, kissed him, tickled him, stroked his golden hair, and admired him greatly, but showed none of those emotions which the Tallerts imagined they would detect. In fact, the way in which he met the boy removed their base suspicions entirely. They were glad of this, although it plunged them back into darkness. They felt very friendlilly disposed towards their cousin and were glad to be able to think him as honorable a man as themselves. Probably they never really doubted thus.

Bo in reply to his question as to whose

So in reply to his question as to whose child this merry, laughing boy was, they told him the history of his appearance, and how Beatrice had begred that he might be kept at

"I don't wonder at it," said Frank. "I vish some one would send me another just

Beatrice gave him a look of gratitude. Every word that confirmed her in possession of the child was welcome to her. She had not yet looked at Mr. Carruthers in any way which carried emotion with it. Her glames was a revelation. Till then he had no idea of what dark gray eyes could express.



Frank pieked him up and kissed him. She soon left the men, but to rejoin them when they took a stroll round the grounds. Frank was here shown many clever little devices by which the Talberts perfected the out-of-door arrangements. He learned how they checked the consumption of corn and hay in the stables; how they regulated the amount of coke used for the hothouse. Indeed, as he was quick of comprehension and in detecting peculiarities of character, he was not so very much surprised when, having returned to the drawing-room, he greatly ad-

not so very much surprised when, having re-turned to the drawing-room, he greatly ad-mired a fine piece of knotted lace, to hear that the uncompleted piece of work was no Miss Clauson's, but wrought by that accom-plished artist, Uncle Herbert.

CHAPTER XI.

"MORBID'S THE WORD!" Thanks to the remarkably fine air of Oak Thanks to the remarkably fine air of Oakbury, and to an absolute cessation of anything like hard work, Mr. Carruthers soon lost his jaded appearance. At the end of ten days he declared himself to be in rude health, and his looks did not belle his words. Certainly those worthy housewives, his consins, had taken great care of him. They fel and fattened him; insisting that he should take heaf ten at intervals, and that his cure should refer to the state of th beef ten at intervals, and that his cure shoul be hastened by his drinking plenty of that ole 47 port for which their father's cellar ha been noted. Close as the "Tabbles" were their housekeeping arrangements, the grudged the stranger within their gates not

In less than a week Frank had taken the measure of his consins—of his male cousins, at least. He had even ceased to be select with an almost irresis sible desire to go into a secluded corner and chuckle when he saw these great men engaged in some duty which is supposed to appertain peculiarly to women-kind; or when he heard their simple consultations on the price of meat, greceries, or other household commodities. Being, like Mr. Mordle, gifted with a vein of humor, he found the Talberts most interesting characters; but had he found their occentricities wearisome, the kindness they showed him would have compensated for the discomfort. For in spite of the exclusiveness which they were compelled by circumstances to adopt, they were amiable, lovable men. So Mr. Carruthers took them as they were, and liked the two brothers better and better the more he really understood them. In less than a week Frank had taken th

he really understood them.

But Beatrice was another matter. He ha studied her with even more attention, bu felt that the result of his studies was unsatis felt that the result of his studies was unsatis-factory. So far as she was concerned he knew he had got at nothing like the truth except on one self-evident point, that she was very beautiful. When first they met her beauty struck him, but it was days before he finished finding new and fresh persona charms; perhaps he never ceased finding them. Under certain circumstances such

discoveries are endless.
Frank Carruthers' studies of Miss Clauson's outward shell should therefore have been very pleasing to that young lady, had the result been made known to her, and had she cared twopence to find favor in the student's eyes. For the rest he was in a puzzle, which eyes. For the rest he was in a puzzle, which he spent many hours trying to solve. Miss Clauson little thought, as she looked out of the window and saw Mr. Carruthers lying on the turf with his straw hat tilted over his eyes and a thin blue stream of smoke curling up from his eigarette, that he was neither sleeping nor projecting a new political arti-cle for The Latterday, but thinking entirely of her own sweet self.

They had seen a great deal of one another during the last week. Frank was not a man he level twenty-mile walks, or eared to eyes and a thin blue stream of smoke curling

who loved twenty-mile walks, or cared t

rush from one end of a county to another to look at a rock or a waterfall. His idea of a holiday he summed up in the word "loofing." "A good loafer is a great rarity," he told Miss Clauson. "Loafing proper is an art which cannot be acquired. I have met with many spurious imitations, but the real article is hard to find. Show me the man who can grend a whole day like this, and you show m me who can get very near to happiness."
"Like this" meant lying on his back as de

"But you do something-you smoke," said

"Yes, for the sake of appearances. In these days of hard work a man mustn't be absolutely idle,"

absolutely idle."

Of course she ought to have laughed at the feeble joke. But she did not. She looked down at him from her chair, and her graveyes were annoyingly serious. In glorious August weather, when the sky is a cloudless blue, when all the trees, except the spendthrift chestnuts, are in full beauty, when roses are still budding, breaking into bloom, and succeeding their fallon fellows, a young lady has no right to look seriously at the man by her side. Certainly not Beatrice Clauson, with her beauty and fortune.

with her beauty and fortune.

Yet she looked and spoke gravely. "You wrong yourself talking such nonsense, Mr. Carruthers."

He raised himself on his elbow. "I don't

talk nonsense. I am speaking of my idea of enjoying a holiday. When I work it is another matter. I trust I work to the best of my ability. When I idle, I idle to the best of my ability."

"Your idea of human happiness is a hum-

"Is it? Then give me yours in exchange." Beatrice was silent. She even turned he

well, I am waiting for the definition There was no trace of levity in Frank's voice as he spoke. His manner was as serious a

"I have none to give," said Boatrice. "None—at your age! Are your dream all gone? Young ladies do dream, I believe They dream of being queens of society, of marrying rich men; if they are remantic, of marrying poor men; they dream of a life of religion; of having a mission to perform Which is your particular dream?" "I have note," she said coldly.

"You must dream. You are sleeping now, and all sleepers dream at times. Only in the wide-awake, bustling world do people forget their dreams. They work on and on, and to some the day comes on which one of their old dreams is realized. Alas, by that time they have almost forgotten that they ever dream it, or they find it realized too late."

Beatrice sat silent willt her eyes cast down "Perhaps I have not guessed the right dream for you," continued Carruthers. "I forgot you were such a learned young lady. Your dream may be the fame of the scholar

or the writer. "I have no dreams," she repeated. He "Can you say also 'I have had no dreams?"
She made no answer. As he looked at her be thought that even at this moment she seemed far a way in dreamland. He told himself that if himself consent that she had nover dreamed also would be breaking the—he couldn't remember which commandment—the one about lying. By the by, is there any commandment to refrain from falsehood, except the indirect one as to "false witness?"

"Not even of rank, riches, fame, power? he said in a lighter tone. "Miss Clauson, you are incomprehensible."

She chose to turn the subject, "I am going to the village now," she said.

"With your permission I will accompany you."

"With your permission I will accompany you."

She made no objection. It is a curious fact, that in spite of his glerification of the noble art of loafing, Mr. Carruthers was always ready to go walking with Miss Clauson wher-ever and whenever she permitted it. But no man is consistent for twenty-four hours at a



Mr. Carruthers, in his attempted study of Beatrice's disposition, found it very hard to hit upon the word which would, so far as he as yet knew, describe its chief characteristics. as you know, describe its chief characteristics.
That a strong element of sainess was mixed up in it he felt sure. It was just possible that this was introduced by the unfortunate differences between herself and her father. Having learnt that she had been a guest at Oakbury for eight months he was shrewd enough to make a rective constant. ing issernt that she had been a guest at Oak-bury for eight months he was shrewd enough to make a pretty correct guess at the true state of affairs. But there was more than sad-ness to account for. There was apathy. How over the Talberts viewed it—whatever high-bred charm they fancied was vouchsafed to Miss Clauson by the bestowal of that reserved calm manner of hers, Frank knew its true nature was apathetic. It seemed strange that an intellectual girl like this had no desire, or no revealed desire, in life—no ambition, social or otherwise. From the very first he judged her character by a high standard—quite as high as that by which he judged her beauty. As their intercourse grew more familiar he found he had no reason to abate either. Nat-urally, Frank Carruthers, fallow of —— col-lege, Oxford, was a clever man, and after taking so much trouble about the matter, should have been able to sum up a weak-woman's character correctly.

should have been able to sum up a woman's character correctly.

So, after a great deal of reasoning, he came to the conclusion that he had found the word to suit her. Beatrice was morbid. Every one knows that the best cure for morbidness is to awaken the patient's interest in his or her fol-

low-creatures—in even one fellow-creature will sometimes do.

Therefore, it was very kind of Dr. Carru-thers, after such an exhaustive diagnosis, to set about endeavoring to effect a cure. A good action will sometimes bring if own re-

ward.

His view of the case was greatly strengthened by noticing that Beatrice never appared to better advantage than when she had her little boy with her. It was the interest she cook in this tiny fellow-creature which made her for the time display those qualities which all unmarried men, with right ideas, so exalt in a woman—affection, kindness and forther was the state of the right meas, so exact in a woman—affection, kindness and forbearance with children. Single men, if they are good and poetical— synonymous terms, I hope—are apt to think that a woman never looks more charming than when she has a child or children with her. Sometimes, after marriage, they have been known to express a wish that the asso-ciation need not be so eternal.

been known to express a wish that the asso-ciation need not be so eternal.

But although Mr. Carruthers decided that Beatrice was morbid, he had still to account for the appearance of the disease in a mental constitution which ought to have been the last to have succumbed to it.

The more he tried to account for it the

more he was forced to account for it use more he was forced to accept, as the primary cause, one thing—a thing, even in these early days, most unpleasant and unpaintable to him. But he could not ignore the fact that young ladies who are victims to what is called an unfortunate attachment do some-times grow morbid and try to make their friends believe that life for them is at an end. So one evening, shortly after his arriva at Hazlewood House, Frank asked his hosts, of Hazlewood House, Frank asked his hosts, of course in the nost casual, disinterested way, many leading questions about Miss Clauson— why she was not married, or at least en-gaged, and so forth. The Talberts returned their old answer that it was time she thought

their old answer that it was time she thought about it, but perhaps she took after themselves, and was not of a marrying disposition. This Mr. Carruthers ventured to doubt.

"She may have been disappointed in love," he said, carelessly. All the same he refilled from the claret jug the glass from which he had been drinking 1847 port.

"My dear Frank," said Horace, with grave dignity, "Miss Clauson would never permit such a thing to happen."

"Certainly not," said Herbert.

"Permit what! Permit herself to fall in love!"

"No; permit herself to be disappointed in "No; permit herself to be disappointed in love. She is far too—too well bred for such a thing to occur. When she makes her choice it will be one of which we all approve; so disappointment is out of the question."
"That's highly satisfactory," said Frank.
"A well regulated young woman is the noblest work of—well, of modern times."
That were by one conting a constrained to

They were by now getting accustomed to him, and although rather shocked at Bea-trice's being called a young woman did not

"Then her choice is not yet made?" con-inued Frank. imued Frank
"Not to our knowledge, and, I may add,
not to Sir Maingay's."
Mr. Carruthers asked no more questions.
He strolled out into the garden and talked
quietly to Miss Clauson until the stars showed
themselves in the sky.

themselves in the sky.

Having ascertained that Miss Clauson was under the charge of no other amateur doctor, Mr. Carruthers could, of course, set about curing her disease without any fear of out raging professional etimette.

A HORSE! A HORSE! It must not be supposed that no mention of any friends or acquaintances of Miss Clau-son's implies that she led an isolated life at Haslewood House. She had, indeed, plenty of both. It could hardly be otherwise, as the of both. It could hardly be otherwise, as the Talberts were very great on the subject of the interchange of social civilities, and kept a visiting book as carefully as any lady could have done. One of Miss Clauson's friends came several times across Frank Carruthers' path about this period.

This friend, or acquaintance, was a fine, hulking young fellow of about twenty, the heir to, and hope of, one of the families of position. A great, good-natured, broadshouldered boy, who would doubtless in a year or two develope into something that a

shouldered boy, who would doubtless in a year or two develope into something that a mother might be proud of, and a young lady feel happy to have for a suitor. He was an Oxford undergraduate, and for a while had been one of Frank's pupils. So when he came up to Hazlewood House one morning, of course to see the Talberts, he was much surprised at finding the celebrated Oxford coach sitting at his ease just like an ordinary unlearned Philistine. He hung about the place until Beatrice appeared, and, after a while, Frank heard him ask her when he might call and go riding with her.

while, Frank heard him ask her when he might call and go riding with her. Although Mr. Carruthers, when inquiring into Miss Clauson's likes and dislikes, had as-certained that she was fond of riding, he had not as yet seen her on horseback. Perhaps the sharpest shaft in Love's quiver was kept to be shot the last.

The Talberts were not great at hornefieth in the first place, they louthed a horsey man The Talberts were not great at horsefiesh. In the first place, they loathed a horsey man, and although, as part of a gentleman's education, they hal learned to ride well, they preferred in their maturer years the carriage seat to the saidle. They had a pair of well-matched carriage horses, and recently a horse had been bought for Beatrics. After it was purchased she did not, however, make much use of it. She could not ride out unattended, and when a groom went with her it necessitated his using one of the carriage horses. So she only rode when her uncless were not going to use the carriage, or when some chance escort like young Purton offered himself.

the veterinary surgeon, so there was no chance of young Purton's being gratified. Nevertheless, the account of the animal's progress toward recovery was good, and Miss Clauson hoped it would be returned to

er very soon.

After this interview Mr. Purton used to After this interview Mr. Purton used to ride up to Hazlewood House every morning, to learn if Miss Clauson's horse had come back. He was very anxious to hire or borrow another one for her use, but his offer was firmly declined. Perhaps, after all, Beatrice only cared for riding in a comparative way. Frank Carruthers, when he met the young fellow, dressed in the most natty and approved equestrian costume, used to laugh and jest with him, and ask for the latest bulletins ament the convalescing steed. He knew that young Purton had once or twice ridden into Blacktown to see what progress the invalid was making. was making.

For his own amusement Frank would ad-

For his own amusement Frank would addre: humorous questions, clothed, for the benefit or distress of his late pupil, in elegant Latin and Greek, until young Purton fied incontinently, or boldly asserted that he ought not t, be tormented before his time. But one morning, to his inexpressible delight, he found the horse reinstalled in the Hazlewoodstables; an I, moreover, Miss Clauson willing to don her riding gear and allow her cavalier to take her for a twenty-mile ride.

son willing to don her riding gear and allow her cavalier to take her for a twenty-mile ride.

Frank had the pleasure of seeing the two ride away in company, young Purton feeling and showing how immensely superior a being a good horseman, intrusted with the care of a fair lady, is to the best Oxford coach who could let Greek and Latin "run out of his mouth like water, by Jove!"

Miss Clauson's appearance on horseback need not be described; but Mr. Carruthers after watching her supple, graceful, but alas! vanishing figure, buried his hands it his pockets and walked about the garden in seemingly reflective mood. Then for a while he went back to his favorite holiday occupation of lying on the lawn and doing nothing. Horace and Herbert by this time had fin ished their housekeeping, or china dusting or whatever kept them indoors. They joined him, and laughed at his laziness. He tilted back his hat and looked up at them sleepily. "I say, Horace, where can I buy a horse!"

"Yes. I had quite forgotten it, but my

"Yes. I had quite forgotten it, but my doctor insisted that as soon as I got better I should take horse exercise."

should take horse exercise."
"I didn't krow you could ride."
"Yes, I can. Something, of course, very quiet. Oh, yes, I can ride until I fall off. The worst is that whenever I fall from anything, whether a horse or a ladder, I come on my head as certainly as a shuttlecock does, "Take one of the carriage horses," said

Herbert,
"We can use the degeart," added Horace,
"Not a bit of it. You wouldn't look well
in a degeart. It's not a dignified conveyance
enough. No. I will buy me a horse, and sell
im when I leave you. I will not trust myself
to a hireling. 'The hireling'—what is it the
hireling does?'
"Everyment the flock" said Harbert

"The sheep," said Horace, correctingly.

"Yes, to be sure. I am neither a sheep nor a flock, but fear the hiroling would treat me badly. So tell me where to go for a horse."

"It seems great extravagance, Frank."

"Extravagance! What is extravagance.

Spending more than one can afford. I am rolling in money. I am disgustingly rich. I fear not to meet either my bootmaker or my banker. Besides, in justice to no doctor, must have his prescriptions made up, no ma

ter what they cost."

They saw he was in earnes', so/called their conchman to assist in the search for a steed. The coachman, in his striped linen waistcoat, joined the group and waited his masters' "William," said Horace, "Mr. Carruthers

is thinking of buying a horse. Do you know of anything for sale round about here?" "Do I know of a hoss, sir," said William, "Bo I know of the reflectively." For the reflectively. "Something quiet," put in Herbert, who was solicitous for Frank's safety.
"A hoss—something quiet—" repeated William. "To drive or ride, sir?" he added, turn-

ing to Frank. "A hoss-quiet-to ride. There's Mr. Bul.

ger's cob, sir. His man said he were for sale.'
Frank did not like the sound of Mr. Bulger's cob. Herbert and Horace thought it

was just the thing.
"Well up to your weight, sir, after Mr,
Bulger," said William. "Such a shoulder,
such quarters, such a barrel he've got, he

"Who-Mr. Bulger!"

"Who—Mr. Buiger"
"No, sir—the cob."
"Ah, yes—the cob. But there are barrels and barrels. I want one with an ordinary capacity—I shouldn't care for the great tun of Heidelberg."
"Certainly not, sir," said William, touching his forelock.

"Certainly not, sir," said William, touching his forelock.

"Cobs' backs are so broad," continued Frank, musingly, "it seems contemptible to bestride them. The temptation to chalk one's feet and ride standing would be irresistible. Would you find it so, Horacef"

"Well—no, I don't think I should, answered Horace with that rolling gravity which

swered Horace, with that polite gravity which always symmed his consin.
"Mr. Bulger won't do, William," mid
Frank. "Try elsewhere." William scratched his nose, and for a min-

whilm scratched his nose, and for a min-ute was in earnest thought.

"There's Captain Taylor's mare," he said, with a tirrid glance at his masters. "She as run off with the stanhope and smashed it. But they say she goes quiet enough with a saddle on her back—leastwise if a man knows how to vide ow to ride.

"We won't deprive Captain Taylor of his treasure," said Frank. "Think again." "Will you go to Barker's repository, sir?" asked William, who had come to an end of

Where is it? "In Blacktown," said Herbert. "We will No, thank you. I will make my own un-

biassed choice. No one shall be blamed if I come to grief—except my doctor. Is Barker in honest man?" "He is supposed to be so," said Horace.
"He's as honest as hoss-dealers is made,"

"Then I'll trust my neck in Barker's hands. I'll walk into Blacktown at once. He went indoors and put himself into town-going trim. The brothers saw him depart with some misgivings, but as he once more declined the offer of their assistance, polite-

declined the offer of their assistance, politiness would not let them press it.

At the ledge gate he found William waiting for him. "If I may make so bold, sir,
you say to hir. Barker that I sent you to him
—William Giles, sir, Mr. Talbert's man.
Barker ain't so bad as some, sir; and when
he knows I shall have something to do with
the hoss, may be he won't try and best you."

"Thank you, William, for your disinterested kindness," said Frank, gravely.

"Don't mention it, sir," said William, with
politeness perhaps caught from his masters.

"William Giles, Mr. Talbert's man—you'll
remember, sir!"

remember, sir?"
"Certainly, William. Is there anything else I ought to say to Mr. Barker?"

"No, sir, not as I know of."
"Shall I tall him you deserve five or ten per cent, on the transaction?"

William's face was a study. He looked at Frank in a startled way, then glanced guiltily round to see that his masters were out of earshot. Then he looked at Frank again, and, catching the humorous twinkle in his eye, chuckled convulsively.

"Oh, Mr. Carruthers, you know the inside of the ropes, you do. If you ride as well as you recken up you might a bought Captain Taylor's mare. Don't think Barker will take you in much. sir." per cent, on the transaction?

"SUNSET" COX.

HIS METHODS OF WORK, LITERARY AND CONGRESSIONAL

Peep at His Workshop-The Secret His Success - A Deak with a History - Hours of

[Frank J. Carpenter in Detroit Free Press.]
Mr. Cox is perhaps the fastest worker among American writers, and there is no congressman who accomplishes one-third the amount he does in a given time. On the floor of the house of representatives he seemed to have devoted nights of study exceeded. seemed to have devoted nights of study expecially directed to every question which was sprung upon congress. He was found at every big dinner party and was noted as making the best after-dinner speeches of any of his follows, and at the same time the press and the magazines were teening with articles from his pen. To-day he would make a long and thoughtful speech on the floor of the house, and to-night you would hear of him delivering an address to some great association or giving a lecture on music, welence or art to crowled house. In the midst of all this he has had time to chat with his friends, receive his constituents, and carry on the business relating to his private fortune, which in connection with that of his wife is no small matter.

How does he do it? I asked him the question the other right while we were sented

How does he do it? I asked him the question the other night while we were seated together in his library talking about his book and his answer was "system?" Said he, in substance, "I began my life in a county clerk's office, and I there learned good business habits. My college days were spent at Brown university under Dr. Wayland, the man who wrote the political economy. Dr. Wayland was a great advocate of exhaustive thought analysis, and he made his students analyze everything they took up. Under him I learned analytic thinking, and this I found of great advantage to my elf in after years. When I bes tage to my elf in after years. When I began a debate on the floor of the house, I -aw the end of my speech before I said the first word, everything fitted itself to its proper place, and I did not reject, as is often done. When I studied Blackstone after leaving when I studied Blackstone after leaving college, by the aid of my training in analysis I found that I could repeat almost the whole of it in my own language, and since then, throughout the whole of my life, I have found analysis and system of the greatest advantage. Before I commenced my book I had a skeleton of the whole work in my mind, and I had only to fill in the fiesh and send the life blood coursing through its veins. I am now engaged in making the toilet of the finished structure."

Mr. Cox here showed me an outline of his book by chapters, which he had drawa up during its first stages, and then some of the completed work, showing how closely his first idea had been carried out.

His work hop is well arranged for a systematic worker, and evidences of Sunset

tematic worker, and evidences of Sunset Cox fill every part of it. It is a large, airy room on the second floor, with great win-dows which look out at the Potomac and Arlington on one side and over the fashion-able part of Washington on another. Near one window there is a big mahogany desk with a case of pigeon-holes on its top, and over it a big bronze bust, about three feet square, representing Don Quixote in the midst of his vain fight with the wind-mills. This de k is devoted entirely to congressional work, and whenever he writes or thinks in regard to matters going on in con-gress it is here Mr. Cox sits. That desk, however, has a history. It is one which stood in the speaker's room at the time John Quincy Adams died there, and I doubt not that the old statesman often used it. It is filled now, as then, with congressional documents, and now in far better order than

ments, and now in far better order than were those which it held, when, bright and new, it first took it place in the capitol to accommodate the sittings of Clay, Webster and Calhoun.

Not far from this deck stands one of the funniest little mabogony whirligig set of pigeombole shelves, very much like a revolving book-case which you often see in a lawyer's office. But this is round and not quare. It has many shelves, and these Mr. Cox keeps filled with his work upon which he is engaged in lines outside of congress from time to time. All is in perfect system, and everything is always ready at hand.

Mr. Cox has good habits of work. He rises early and comes into this room at 7 o'clock and works at his mail until breakfast time. After treakfast during a session he usually until breakfast time. After break-fast during a session he usually worked on until 10 o'clock, when it was time for him to start to congress. In the evening, when not engaged elsewhere, he would be found again working here, and at 11 o'clock you will see the light burning in his room if you pas by. Of course ing in his room it you pass by. Or course he uses a shorthand man, and to him he dictates at lightning speed. Some of his literary work is dictated. The finer passages, however, he has written himself, and the most vivid descriptions have caused him many a visit to the congressional library to refresh his memory and to saturate his mind with the spirit and feelings of the times of which he is writing.

What They Fried the Steak in. [London Referee.]
My editor and I once started to walk to
it. Albans with a valued friend, who was St. Albans with a valued friend, who was by profession a pedestrian and a piano-forte tuner. Midway we put up at a snug host-elry, and ordered, for the comfort of the inner man, a dish of rump steaks. While this was being prepared we sat in pleasant converse, which was interrupted by a peculiar hissing and frizzling sound that unmistakably came from the kitchen. "Why hang me," suddenly exclaimed Pendragon, with his hair almost on end with horror, "hang ma if they're not frying it?"—the "it?" me, if they're not frying it!"—the "it" of course having reference to the steak. Our lamented friend thereupon drew from his pocket a tuning-fork, struck it upon the table, and quietly remarked, as he applied it to his ear, "Yes, and hang me if they're ot frying it in G!"

A Costly Little Painting.

[Chicago Heraid Train Taik."]

"My, but these art works do run into money," remarked a passenger whose breath amelled like the south side of the Ohio river; "it beats all what fools some folks make over pictures. When I was in Chicago I aw a little painting about a foot square that was held at \$500. 'Spect some simpleton will come along and buy it. If I had a million of money von'd never catch me nev-|Chleago Herald"Train Talk." million of money you'd never catch me pay ng \$500 for a little painting like that."

"That's the way you talk," spoke up a bashful drummer, "but I'll bet that you've paid four times as much money for a paintng not a tenth part as big."
"What, me!"

"Yes, you."
"What kind of a painting?" Encouraging Home Industry.

A law has been enacted by the Alabama legislature fining a man \$100 if he gets drunk out of his own house. "Gath": I once heard a hotelkeeper at Washington say: "Almost every man can be relied upon to do something fooles after he is 40."

WORK OF SHORTHAND REPORTING The Great Difference Between Work and General Office Work.

"Is it an exceedingly difficult matter to learn stenography?" askel a reporter of a Detroit court stenographer the other day. "Well, rather. To become a practical shorthand reporter requires far more than a mere knowledge of shorthand characters. There are ways by which a person may in a few weeks' time attain a speed in short-hand, writing perhaps twice as rapid as that of a good long-hand writer. To be a first-class reporter one must be able to write 200 words per minute or more and to read it like print."

"How about general education?"

"A good stenographer must be able to take a medical expert was talks of the anterior, superior spinous processes of the libes and treat it as a matter of conra."

"What is the difference between taking

"What is the difference between taking testimony and taking a dictate! letter, or rather between court and office reporting?"
"Very considerable. Court work requires average work of 20 words a minute, whereas dicta ion and office is generally given at a small's pace, comparatively speaking. There are probably several hundred estimable young people in Detroit who have taken lesson and are capable of taking down matter twice as rapidly as a good long-hand reporter, but as for their doing court work, convention work or political mass-meeting speeches, they couldn't keep up with the talker for an entire minute. Ability to write 100 words a minute is of no earthly use in court reporting, whereas in office work one can get along fairly well at that rate of speed."

"Who make the best stenographers!"

"To become really expert one must begin young. The exceptions only prove the general rule. The necessary requirement at the start are a good English education, a vast amount of perseverance, and a good constitution. When a stenographer has reported all day he feels more tired out than any one else can, except a newspaper man who has worked all neith. These wasts advented all neith. These agests advented and restrict out than any one

else can, except a newspaper man who has worked all night. Then, when court ad journs, the short-hand writer is porhap asked to write out half what he has taken asked to write out half what he has takes during the day, and he sits up with as amanuensis until 3 or 4 o'clock in the mora-ing. For all this he is paid and paid pretty well, but it is killing work, and requires constant care, skill and good judgment."

Fee the Walter.

[Boston Record.]
"Surpose you don't receive any fee, what
is the result?"

is the result?"

"Well, we don't like it, of course; particularly when we have tried very hard to please. There is hardly any of us but will show our displeasure and some will go still further than that."

"Why, what will they do?"
"Why, what will they do?"
"Oh, that depends on who the person is. If
the man knows better—that is, if he has ha!
any experience in the world, and we can forget to bring him toothpicks and a hundred little neglects that a gentleman will quickly notice, and if he ever comes again we give him a wide berth and let him be the waiter. If the prison is a countryman and this would be lot on him, countryman and this would be lot on him, we generally contrive to make him feel uncomfortable, either by dropping his hat and coat on the floor, upsetting something on him or some such game. There was a waiter in one of the large hotels who was as by a countryman who never gaves to to bring in one of them wash-bowls,' referring to the finger-bowls, and the waiter went and brought a wash-basin. Wasn't that man disgusted, though."

disgusted, though."

"Do not the proprietors object to your receiving gratuities," was then asked.

"No, indeed and in many places they regulate our salaries accordingly. The pay of a first-class waiter is not over \$20 a month. but in a place like this he can make as much again by fee —particularly," he added after a moment's pause and with a sly look at the newspaper man, "when he has such gener-ou customers. Thank you, sir," and the waiter, his face wreathed in smiles, pocketing the silver with evident satisfaction

Necessity of Firm Emotional Control.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Prolonged anxiety, continuous fret and worry as to the state of the health of body or mind at length produce the actual disease so long dreaded. The attention, zealously trained in one direction, sends there an undue amount of blood and nervous energy. The real mischief is created which has been so long anticipated. Actual changes do occur as a re-ult of fearing them. In the course of all epidemics the death rate is in creased in the same way. Hence the danger of not controlling the influence of every thought, of not keeping in due subordination every suggestion of the imagination, of not strangling in their birth every unbealthy impression. The process of firm mental and emotional control, could it be carried out, would probably deprive Necessity of Firm Emotional Controlit be carried out, would probably deprive the world of many a work of fancy and of genius, but the amount of suffering would be very greatly diminished.

How He Got His Title

"Were you actively engaged in the lase war!" asked a stranger in Austin of Gen. Jeff Blakeman.

'O, yes, I was very actively engaged in shipping cotton to Europe during the war."

"Then how did you come to be called temperal?"

'general?'"
"Well, you see, I made money during the war, and afterward the boys came home poor, and wanted to borrow a little money. I generally loaned it to them, and that is how I came to be called 'general,' and it has

A Subtle Distinction

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]
"How are you. Charile! Haven't seen you for an age. What're you doing now?"
"Peddling che tnuts." "So you have quit the
minstrel profession, ch?" "O, no! I am still the end-man of the troupe."

Baron Nestrol: I once saw a celebrates race-horse that had grown old hitched o a swill cart. Since then I don't relish the ak-ing about my future.

THE LEAD PENCIL

First Made of the Metal Lead-Where Plumbago Is Found.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] As writing became universal and every one had to write frequently and hurriedly, a need arose for a quicker means of recording thought than was afforded by the pen and writing paper. The difficulty was at first mot by scribes carrying with them portable ink-horns, made of a portion of the horn of some animal. These ink bottles were fastened to the coat button, and for a time the expedient was successful. But as greater convenience was demanded, the ink-horn became unpopular, and some one invented

the pencil.

Pencils were at first made of the metal lead, but the lead was worn off so gradually and the marks made by these pencils were so faint that graphite came into use as a substitute for the lead, and the pencils made of this substance were called black-lead, to distinguish them from the others. No lead whatever is employed in the manufacture of pencils, the material used being graphite or plumbago, which is almost pure carbon. The graphite used for this purpose is found in great quantities and of excellen quality in Siberia, Austria, Prussia and several parts of the North American continent. Only the product of the European mines is commonly used for the purpose o making pencils, however, as it was found to be so much superior to all other kinds as to render the others practically worthless.

One of the most serious difficulties in the way of the manufacture of pencils from the

way of the manufacture of pencils from the graphite was the consolidation of the material into sufficiently dense blocks to render it available for the purpose intended. This difficulty was surmounted by exhausting the air in the blocks of graphite and then subjecting them to hydraulic pressure. In pencils the graphite is mixed with German chaik and the hardness of the pencil depends on the amount of chalk in the composition. The wood for the pencil is sawed by machinery into thin beards, then groved, then placed in position, the glue applied, the lead and upper portion haid on and pressed into place. No computation can be made of the pencils annually used in this country, the number being too vast for conjecture.

An Astonished Picture Desler. [Chicago Times.] A carriage draw up at the door of one of

the prominent art dealers on Wabash ave nue one day last week, and a richly-cla. woman, wearing diamon is and jewelry, de-scended, entere i the the store, walked through to the gallery in the rear, asked for the proprietor, and commenced a "critical" examination of the pictures. For more than one hour she plied the preprietor with questions, and, note-book in hand, jettal down the answers the information down the answers the information given. "This picture—what did you say the subject was, and by whom? Has the artist Attention, Doctors.

Attention, Dectors.

Everybody knows that the life of the average physician is a hard one. He is often compelled to ride great distances through mud and rain for a merely nominal fee. It is not fit nor proper for us to condemn any physician for his work, but we do assert that his practice can be made easier, and he can effect more cures by the proper and judicious use of PERUNA. If he will only add this great remedy to his list of medicines he will find that his usefulness will be greatly increased. Full direction for its use will be tound in the "fils of Life," and he should at once procure this valuable book.

N. J. Wright, Business Agent Evening Herald, Erie, Pa., says: "Dr. Hartman—I can not but feel it my duty to express to you my thanks for the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines, PERUNA and MANALIN. One bottle of each placed me square on my feet, after a sickness of four weeks, which confined me to my bed, and then left me lame and crippled. Three days from the commencement of the use of your remedies the cane was dispensed with, and in a week I was perfectly well."

Mrs. Ellen Maynard, Oswego, Potterounty, Pa., writes: "Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O. "he small ulcers are all healed, and the two large ones are not more than half as large as they were. I am feeling quite well. The people say your PERUNA and Manalin are doing a miracle. I do not take nearly so much plum as I did before."

miracle. I do not take nearly so much pium as I did before."

Joseph Thomas, East Brady, Pa, writes: "I have used your PERUNA and MANALIN with good results. In the year of 1880 I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I used PERUNA and MANALIN,

walk. I used Peruna and Manalis, and am now as healthy as I have ever been. I have also recommended it to several parties, and they have been much benefited by it."

Mr. C. H. Harris, New Vienna, Ohio, writes: "Our little girl was paralyzed at thirteen months old, and we resorted to everything we could hear of for relief, but she appeared to get but little better. Hearing of Peruna we concluded to try it, and will say it has done her a great deal of good—the first bottle apparently giving aid and relief. We have used it for nervousness in other cases on other persons and found it a success. For general debility, and in fact for any disease, we don't think anything else can at all compare with it. We have used forty or fifty bottles, and our house is never without Peruna. Our little girl is now eight years old, and can run any place, was for four years helpless. Peruna cured her."

And the price; \$1 500? An yes," and down went the points in the note-book. "And this marine; a New York artist, eh! Was he well known among the lesst people there? Was there a specimen of his work in the Vanderbilt gallery?" and another note was made. Thus it processed until a long list made. Thus it proceeded until a long list had been made out, aggregating in price about \$9,000. Visions of sudden wealth began to dawn upon the art-dealer. Who was this mysterious fair one who betrayed such an interest in art, wanted nothing but the best, and did not seem to be at all staggered by the prices? He grew elequent, discoursed upon the merits of the paintings with a profundity of expression and an inspiration of language that fairly astonished. spiration of language that fairly astonished himself.

"Could you have them sent to No. —

Michigan avenue by 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon?'
"Yes," he could, if he broke his back and

exhausted the resources of the establishment in accomplishing the task.

"And what would be the cost of their use

until the next day?'
"The what?' and the dealer's jaw dropped and his eyes opened to their fullest extent.
"The price of renting them for one night.
I am going to give a party to some New
York visitors, and I want the pictures to form a private gallery for the occasion. Would \$15 be about right?"

He gazed at her speechlessly for a moment, his reason meanwhile tottering on its throne, and then he turned and fled. An

attendant later on informed the lady that the firm was not in the renting business, and she left disgusted. The dealer has worn a world-weary look since that day.

Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom." [The Current.] Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a note to the editor of a Brooklyn paper, disabuses the the editor of a Brooklyn paper, disabuses the public mind of an orroneous impression re-garding the characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She says: "None of the characters in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' are portraits. I ow of several colored the piety, honesty, and faithfulness of Uncle Tom, but none of them had a history like that I created for him. Some events in the life of Lowis Clark are somewhat like those in the life of George Harris. I read his histhat I was keeping within the limits of probability." This disposes effectually of the claims of the numerous old colored men in the country who have long posed as the originals of Uncle Tom or George Harris.

[Madras Letter.] [Madras Letter.]

It is popularly supposed that rice is the staple crop and universal food throughout India. This, however, is very far from being the case, for north of Behar wheat and other grains form the chief articles of food, and in these districts rice forms no part of the diet of the people. Rice is only grown in the deltas of the great rivers and along the western coast, and besides this it is raised in patches in all the hill valleys. In those regions where rice is grown largely. In those regions where rice is grown largely, however, it is the only crop. The quality varies much according to the place where it grows; even in a single district in Bengal it said there are as many as 205 different

> Scoring a Point on the Autoerat. Boston Globe.]

It was not three months ago that Oliver Wendell Holmes said in a letter read at the Wendell Holmes said in a letter read at the Longfellow memorial service at Howdoin, that the new-paper reporter is to the social gathering what the phylloxera is to the vineyard. Yet the reporters noticed the other evening that he came over to them and asked if they would like copies of his poem. Rather useful phylloxera, aren't they. By Holmes hey, Dr. Holmes.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]
The renowned Toothpick Ben, while in

Lexington the other day, was asked which, in his opinion, was the prettier, a beautiful woman or a race herse. "Neither," was the reply. "The prettiest thing on earth is a steamboat full of suckers, with the captain all right. [Detroit Every Saturday.] Trowsers with two legs are a pair; a shirt with two arms is only one shirt. Philoso-phers had better give up trying to find out whether the moon is inhabited with spooks, and clear up some of the dark mysteries of

An Unkind Suggestion [New Orleans Picayune.] The abuses of skating-rinks can be avoided by conducting them on the style of bathing-houses. Have lady attendants and let no gentlemen be admitted on days when ladies skate.

The Russian Alphabet [Boston Pilot.]

The Russian alphabet contains forty-one letters. Any Russian word can be made by changing the position of these letters, care being taken to use the entire forty-one. Large Fishones.

Two hundred years ago the Arabias: had a fish called the zedruses with bones so large that they were sawed into planks.

George Alfred Townsend says he does not want to own a newspaper and never will.

Gen. Crook writes encouraging letters to